for wormes, but Ile go ſearch the market. *Exit.*

*Pand.* Three or foure thouſand Chickeens were as pretty a proportion to liue quietly, and ſo giue ouer.

*Bawd.* Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when we are old?

*Pand.* Oh our credit comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could picke vp ſome pretty eſtate, t'were not amiſſe to keepe our doore hatch'd; beſides, the ſore termes wee ſtand vpon with the gods, will be ſtrong with vs for giuing ore.

*Bawd.* Come, other ſorts offend as well as we.

*Pand.* As wel as we, I, and better too, we offend worſe, neither is our profeſſion any Trade, it's no calling: but here comes *Boult.*

*Enter Boult with the Pirates, and Marina.*

*Boult.* Come your wayes my maſters, you ſay ſhee's a virgin?

*Sayl.* O ſir, we doubt it not.

*Boult.* Maſter, I haue gone through for this peece you ſee, If you like her, ſo; if not, I haue loſt my earneſt.

*Bawd. Boult*, ha's ſhe any qualities?

*Boult*, Shee ha's a good face, ſpeakes well, and ha's excellent good cloathes: ther's no farther neceſſity of qualities can make her be refuſd.

*Bawd.* What's her price, *Boult*?

*Boult.* I cannot be bated one doit of a thouſand peeces.

*Pand.* Well, follow me my maſters, you ſhal haue your money preſently: wife, take her in, inſtruct her what ſhe has to do that ſhe may not be raw in her entertainment.

*Baud. Boult*, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry; He that will giue moſt, ſhal haue her firſt. Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they haue bene: Get this done as I command you.

*Boult.* Performance ſhall follow. *Exit.*

*Mar.* Alacke that *Leonine* was ſo ſlacke, ſo ſlow:
He ſhould haue ſtrucke, not ſpoke;

Or



Or that theſe Pirates, not en
Had not ore-boord throwne
*Baud.* Why weepe you pr
*Mar.* That I am pretty.
*Baud.* Come, the gods ha
*Mar.* I accuſe them not.
*Baud.* You are light into
Where you are like to liue.
*Mar.* The more my fault,
Where I was like to dye.
*Baud.* I, and you ſhall liue
*Mar.* No.
*Baud.* Yes indeede ſhall
ſhions. You ſhall fare well;
complexions: what, de'ye
*Mar.* Are you a woman
*Baud.* What would you
man?
*Mar.* An honeſt woman,
*Baud.* Marry whip thee G
to do with you. Come, y'a
be bowed as I would haue y
*Mar.* The gods defend m
*Baud.* If it pleaſe the god
muſt comfort you, men muſ
*Boults* return'd.

*Enter*

Now ſir, haſt thou cride her
*Boult.* I haue cride her al
I haue drawne her picture w
*Baud.* And prethee tell m
tion of the people, eſpeciall
*Boult.* Faith they liſtned t
to their fathers Teſtament.
watered, that he went to be
*Baud.* Wee ſhall haue h
ruffe on.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH